NEW ORLEANS, LA.

ATLANTA, GA., FEBRUARY 10, 1909.

RICHMOND, VA.

For All Thy Saints.

For all Thy saints who labor on we pray,—
Thy patient, toiling saints, who still are here
Climbing and faltering up life's rugged way,—
Forget them not, O Lord, to them be near!

For all Thy saints in far-flung lines, who still Gallantly raise Thy standard 'gainst the foe, We plead,—oh, show them perfectly Thy will, Give them the succors of Thy hand to know!

Help them, with lifted heads, to stem the tide Of hostile forces menacing their lives, Aid each true saint on fields of battle wide, As with the ranks of sin he sternly strives.

These are Thy saints, O God,—as truly Thine As those who rest before the great White Throne,

May they at last in that same radiance shine, May they, like them, be numbered as Thine Own

May they, when life's long fight is fully o'er,
Join in that hallelujah chorus grand
Amongst the victors, gathered on heaven's shore,
Who, crowned and robed in white, triumphant
stand.

So, for Thy saints who labor still, we pray,
Thy fainting, faithful saints,—O Friend Divine,
Let them be circled by Thine arms to-day,
And soon, like those who rest, in glory shine!

-Elizabeth Strang Baird.